ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISCARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

PARASITE

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KILLER ON THE LOOSE
Mike Fielder
(Blake)

WHATEVER MOTHER SAYS
Wensley Clarkson
(St. Martin's)

I SPEAK FOR THIS CHILD
Gay Courter
(Crown)

WASTING AMERICA'S FUTURE
Arloc Sherman
(Beacon)

WOMB

"Formed solely from the blood of our fathers, we owe absolutely nothing to our mothers. They did nothing but submit to the act, whereas our fathers instigated it. Our fathers therefore willed our births, whereas our mothers merely acquiesced."
(PHILOSOPHY IN THE BEDROOM, D.A.F. deSade, 1795)

"It's because I am a woman and it makes me the double devil. A woman is supposed to be the protector of children and when she does something to harm them it is perceived as far worse than a man's crime against them. If I were a different sex I would have been out of here a long time ago."
(Myra Hindley, quoted in the December 18, 1994 issue of THE SUNDAY TIMES)

Someday, someone is going to murder a perfect woman. Maybe someone like an innocent Rachel Nickell or her baby who didn't ask to be born. Maybe a silent member of The Children's Defense Fund.

Someone you care about. Someone you worry about and own and pick up after. Admire and respect. Protect and save. Someone you put up with. Someone who's worth the trouble. With a perfect smile. And a perfect body. Built for fucking but intended for loving. Built for babies: a slick greasy hole that'll expand just enough to let the monster you willed to create shit out in perfect time and pain and ascetic wonder. Then slap right back into tight place to allow a few more perfect bangings before you both turn to soap. That glow. That halo. That glint. Little angel. With a pet and a pat, a hug and peck, a rutting wet dig and tug and drool and burrow.

Create a future. Nurture and develop and promise and construct more than your little pathetic life here and now. Contribute to everyone's future by modeling the perfect tiny soft damageable head into a perfect lovely design and idea.

Poor little rat. No one to love him. Out on those dark streets looking for windows to smash or little toys to stuff in his pockets. And the drugs and beggings and stomach

"This is stupid, but I didn't know what incest was. I had never heard of anything like this, but I had a sense that it was wrong because of my reaction -something inside of me just absolutely turned over. I felt like I was in a totally different zone. I had just heard something that shook the whole foundation of my life. But you see, I was talked down by my husband. I thought that my knowledge and perception of what happened was probably lopsided. That was always my fear -that I overreacted, was too emotional one way or the other. And I really did explode all over. I was going to call the police and everything. I just went off my gourd about it. And my husband said nothing serious happened, it really wasn't anything, and I had overreacted because I didn't understand. He said others wouldn't believe it and this was just a lot of fuss about nothing and that it wouldn't be understood and would break up the family, or maybe that they'd take the children away from me or something. And I did calm down, reasoning

cramps and headaches and a 70's soul soundtrack with loud violin swells and high falsettos. The whoring, uncaring or unable, liquor-soaked vacant mother and, more necessarily, an abusive ham fisted papa with a beer and a jack and thick wooden branch in the corner by the TV lamplight.

And this courageous little girl doesn't want your pity. With puberty just around the corner and her dreams of growing tall and straight and fitting in with all the rest. With her brittle bones and the hole in her lungs and the retardation and the wheelchair. It's all right, honey, me and dad will stay at your side every night if we have to.

Loss.

Redemption.

Hope.

And that alabaster image of the perfect darling hung just the way you want it. Maybe like the one you tasted before -back when you were inadequate. And frightened and alone.

Empathy.

Promise and a happy wet ending.

Little skinny faggot has the nerve to fist his package. Little fucking thing. Uses both hands and pushes up the bunched works in pants far too loose like it's something special and not typical.

You'll have to explain it to him.

Faggots. Nigger whores. Breath that stinks of organ rot and hollow diseased mind. Half-eyes dilated; a pasty mask of disuse and waste and tired dog beatings. Like every other disgusting crab infested pig cunt you've ever plunged your hard-on into. And much more besides. Damaged and dying. Holes and pits. Just like always. Just like on TV and in the magazines. Like you wanted. Like you look really fucking hard for.

And the hand that pulls down on his lower lip while the other hand works up the shaft shaking the balls back and forth, is the same hand that's supposed to feed them. Or at least try. Or to look that way.

Some fat art collector beast with a couple extra chin loaves and a few less really long hairs up on that shiny huge square dome, his short stubby little dicked fingers fumble and grapple round his charge's cheap sac and his gooey maw lips up and down on the boy's straight out cock. Youth. Ah, youth and you're really poor aren't you?

Tell me about your mama.

Tell me ...did your dad abuse you? Did he...sexually abuse...did he interfere with you in any way...any way that you didn't like, that you felt uncomfortable with?

What did you want to do?

Did you hate it? Tell me how much you hated it. All the while, pulling his fat short penis. Obviously. Come here boy. Come right here you little fucking degenerate. You want to know what you're playing at? Your parents wherever the fuck they come from. Your fucking Beastie Boys T-shirt and that stupid hippy ambient shit on that tape. You want to know how to play a part, you little motherfucker, you little pretend motherfucker. 'Cause I don't give a fuck about your blank pot smoking waste face; your dirty fat gym short cock and camp urchin smile, you little cocksucker. You want to suck some shit? You want to swallow a fucking broken chair leg you little alley rat?

I'll tell you something right now. I've been in a base-with myself that I was overreacting."

And

"I've searched and searched. How innocent I was. I just never dreamed a man would do something like this."
(MOTHERS OF INCEST SURVIVORS, Janis Tyler Johnson, Indiana University Press, 1992)

It's almost not worth the bother. Susan Smith and her madness became the focus instead of Susan Smith and her pain. Or her husband and the worthless relatives' pain and the incredible struggle they have ahead of them for the rest of their pitiful lives. Now that those two saintly dolls, Michael and Alex, ages three and four-teen months respec-tively, are gone forever. How could she do it? How could a mother do that?

To her credit, Andrea Peyser seems a bit less sympathetic but she still can't resist the easy angle and pads her book MOTHER LOVE, DEADLY LOVE (Harper) with all sorts of "research" into the shocking history of child murdering moms.

Maria Eftimiades' knock-off is SINS OF THE MOTHER and is just the average thicker tabloid review. Following the formula of her previous books on Joel Rifkin and Katie Beers, Maria spends most of her breath on the circus the crime

And inside the details of that essence will be presented almost entirely by useless facts, figures and motherly "potential consequences".

The dangers of lead poisoning. Crack. "The cause of the fire: overturned candles used because the electricity had been shut off."

"At the grocery in the winter of 1980, three year-old Josh pulled a jar out of a display and a pyramid of grape jam toppled over on him, breaking half the items on display. The storekeeper insisted that Sarah pay for the damage, which amounted to $27. This figure represented a sizable portion of her monthly income. Sarah paid for the damage at the expense of Amy's diaper budget. After Sarah rationed Amy's disposable diapers, Amy developed a diaper rash, which became infected. Amy was unable to sleep and developed a fever."

"A few times I tried to kill myself out of fear and shame at not being able to keep a roof over our heads, out of anger over not being able to hold a job and needing to return over and over again to welfare, out of desperation whenever the welfare department would cut off my eligibility by mistake. When I would be put into a mental hospital, Susan would stay with my mother and father. What I didn't know until she was grown was that my brother was forcing sex upon her each time she stayed with them. She was so afraid of what would happen to our little family that she hid her pain."

Unlucky.

Imagine the pain of the young Alex, only two years-old when his mother was murdered by a still unknown killer. His grandma,quoted in KILLER ON THE LOOSE, sums it up:

"He talks about Rachel now. He didn't for about a year. He has pictures of her everywhere and says, "This is my mummy". In the summer he came to stay with me and I took him swimming. He said, "Have we been to this pool before?" and I said yes, we went there with Mummy. He said, "I can remember what mummy looks like, but I can't remember what she feels like" and from a small boy that is quite a sad thing to hear him say."

Alex bears a greater burden in his memory. And all of England should be watching how the toddler grows up. Walking hand in hand on Wimbledon Common, baby Alex's mum was cut down right in front of his little baby eyes and soft brain. "Her jeans and panties were round her ankles and her bra had been partially pulled down to expose her nipples." She was stabbed all over her chest and back, her throat was almost sliced in two. And "Alex, bare-chested, was hugging her body."

KILLER ON THE LOOSE spends most of its paperback time covering the outrageous arrest and trial of Colin Stagg, the main suspect (and not a wholly uninteresting character) who was ultimately judged not-guilty. But the astounding aesthetics of the brutal crime are not entirely lost on author Mike Fielder, although he doesn't seem to nail it down exactly. Rachel Nickell is continuously described in glowing terms. Her halo starts off shining all of Wimbledon by the glory of motherhood and ends up a blinding spotlight that shames heaven by her martyrdom. Out for a simple stroll with her child, Ms. Nickell was, apparently, unaware and undeserving of the slaughter she fell into -and Fielder's clumsy euphemisms and thin hedges still can't create a total slut. A mother, a perfect woman.

But, of course, the ferocious appeal of the crime lies with the two year-old screaming and clutching at his raped and ripped mother's fifteen minute corpse. And that appeal is couched in the same ugly philosophy that fuels all these rags. These fucking kids. These fresh faced little angels whose rise to fortune is constantly hampered and cut short by insidious forces far beyond their own gentle capabilities. Wasted and destroyed chances and dreams. And these wombs. These mothers spreading all this wonderment termed love or care or hope or help. And the truth is each book, save the Rachel Nickell contemplation, makes all the same mistakes for all the same complaints. Hope is for the hopeless.

Unless you enjoy that sort of thing.

PARASITE #18/February 1995
available by subscription only
$40. annually (12 issues)
age statement required
c. Peter Sotos, 1995

younger brother and sister. Drugs and petty crime included. The second takes up almost half the book. A father with six ex-wives abuses his kids (two sons and a daughter) and it becomes Gay's job to sort out the mess -multiple foster home clashes, emotional nightmares stemming from years of neglect and molestation, deep seated manias from years of deceit and rejection. The oldest son is bitter and markedly, mentally, damaged. The youngest son is just waiting to explode and the girl is the perfect picture of abuse shoved deep into a fifteen year-old sexually crazed slut. The third tale is of Gay's struggle to reunite three sisters in varying circumstances under the same roof until they become adults.

That all of Gay's fights ended up in rather unsuccessful situations is perhaps less telling than the manner in which such information is released. The chapters end on promising notes but the afterword is a bit more sombre:

"Lydia Ryan and Alicia Stevenson preferred to live on the street rather than return to the "system". No matter how hard I tried, I could not secure the individualized mental or medical health or educational programs they required. Their injuries did not stop when they were removed from their parents' homes but were compounded by the ineffectual way the state managed their care, and they were irrevocably harmed when they were dumped without any resources the day they came of age. Nobody would listen to what they wanted when they were under eighteen. Nobody would help them when they were over eighteen. In the end I also failed to provide either of them with a permanent, loving family. What would have to change to improve the outcome for troubled children in the future?"

Standing at the front of a long line. Splitting that line in two, a single white gloved hand simply motions right to left as each blank filthy wasted face trips and stumbles to the head.

Mamas falling all over themselves. Feed The Children. I'LL BET THE RUSSIANS LOVE THEIR CHILDREN TOO. That lovely red coat on that far too young thing in Spielberg's fantasy. Her cute walk through the black and white hollywood camp bleeding innocence and protection and hope and purity and all things warm and natural.

7UP, 14UP, 21UP, 28UP, 35UP. See those English looks puff and droop and lose that wonder and trust.

Oprah's SILENT SCREAM. Frontline's two part INNOCENCE LOST. Before Your Eye's KRISTEN IS MISSING.

You see that smoke, honey, that's your mother. Or you see that smoke, darling, that's your children.

You see that nigger in the corner. The one with the flabby punctured ass waving at the truckdrivers, who just a second ago was yelling at itself? You wanna know what her shit black kids smell like?

And that beast begging for change outside the White Hen. What was his childhood like? What sort of abuse -personal abuse- creates that deep growly wheeze? Those shattered kneecaps and cuts and welts and thick scars and beatings and nighttime rapes and robberies.

From the backcover of WASTING AMERICA'S FUTURE:

"For many readers, though, the essence of this book will lie in the stories of children and families, many of whom endure unfair and damaging lives with grace, and who remind us that good things-whole and healthy lives-are worth paying for."

outfit THE FAKES have focused their sloppy girl style (aided by a few select "scene" male alternative misfits) into an even more direct and aggressive blast of what it must be like to struggle with all those feminist theories and all those rape and assault and young fucker stories. Their first CD is titled REAL FICTION and its most powerful cut is a spoken word "open letter" read to "Billie's" father. Some of the juicier bits from the pained California darling's heart follow:

"I don't have any scars to prove this 'cause you were so careful to cut in just the right way. And I can't stand for my mouth to be dry anymore after the hours I spent with your handkerchief in it"

"And you made little slits on my skin. Slowly. Beautiful red lines. Slowly. Sometimes even on the bottoms of my feet so I'd have to crawl around the house for days. Three years old on my hands and knees and my ass sticking out just for your sweet foot to kick."

"I'm totally making this up. I don't know why. Is your asshole still bleeding? Did he make you suck his dick? Did he make you fuck your brothers? Did he tie you up, Daddy? Did Grandpa tie you up?"

ment apartment, a long time ago. A couple lived there and invited me down to see their chicken films. Real chicken films you lame faggot. I don't give a rat's ass about the size of your dick, the weight of your balls or those dirty dimples. I don't have an image in here about watching your glassy blue eyes turn red or open or trusting and dejected. I got a picture of a little one tied up and begging for its mama. I got a memory of two queers sitting next to me, beating each other off to impress me while I watched someone very unlike yourself get shit on and pissed on and beaten in the face with a boot. And you want to know how it turned out? You think these NAMBLA fags killed that little dog. You think they stretched that pit and plowed into that skinny corpse-to-be with all their might ripping it from the inside shoulder to heel?

You think they just sucked him off?

And paid him and laughed as he left. Thinking about what they just did and fucked and isn't he just like that other one the other day. 'Cause they only wanted a little dick or clean eye or dirty blonde hair. Poor street trash. Poor lovely boy. Little cockroach.

They shoved some pills in its bawling mouth and dumped coca-cola down its screaming biting choking throat. And watched it shake and twitch and, I swear on anything fucking holy, bark. And snot and spit from its nose and blood from its wrists and, oh man, oh dear, the crying baby was bright fucking red. All over its puffy frightened shrieking face.

And then a big black boot heel fit perfectly between that spinning eye rolling head and those bone jutting soft thin white shoulders and stepped down. All the way down into a wet concrete floor. Grinding into that neck smashed floor, and knees up all the way down back into it.

Darling.

Lick. Don't suck.

What kind of pig are you?

Once again, context is everything. Ask the multifarious sisters of mercy who protect the needful by turning the mute weakness of suffering into tracts and placards designed to educate the careless and twist the conscience of the selfish. Ask, specifically, the wonderful bleeders who know how Lisa Steinberg looked choking on the floor of a filthy dark bathroom and how Hedda's fat empty womb is healing. Ask especially Marian Wright Edelman of the Children's Defense Fund and Gay Courter, a "Guardian ad Litem" on a volunteer basis. Andrew Vachss? Pier Paolo Pasolini?

And ask all their fans.

HI YOU PIECE OF SHIT,

JUST READ THE FIRST CHAPTER OF YOUR BOOK IN ANSWER ME. I CANT WAIT TILL IT COMES OUT. BECAUSE YOU WILL GO TO JAIL THIS TIME. YOU WILL BE INVESTAGATED YOU WILL BE FOUND OUT. YOU WILL DO TIME. YOU WILL BE FUCKED IN THE ASS. I CANT WAIT TILL THOSE NIGGERS IN JAIL GET YOU. ITS EASY TO SEE WHY YOU HATE WOMEN AND LITTLE GIRLS. YOU ARE A LITTLE GIRL. I BET YOUR A BIG FAT SLOB OR SOME NERD WEAKLING TYPE WHO COULDN'T GET LAID EVEN IF YOU COULD GET IT UP. AND IM SURE YOUR WAY TOO MUCH OF A PUSSY TO DO THESE THINGS YOU WRITE ABOUT. YOUR JUST A SICK PIECE OF SHIT WHO CANT FUNCTION IN THE REAL WORLD. ALL YOU CAN DO IS WATCH YOUR SNUFF FILMS + KIDDIE PORN AND WAACK YOUR LIMP DICK. SICK FUCKS LIKE YOU ALWAYS FUCK UP. ITS GONNA HAPPEN AND I CANT WAIT. THE URGE WILL OVERWHLM YOU AND YOU'LL DO SOMETHING STUPID. THE HAMMER WILL

creates rather than worrying too much about the dirty details and whatever implications those might have.

While Susan Smith hardly recalls the squashing brutality that Laurie Dann embodied, there are certain aspects of her rather mundane crime that deserves a little attention. There'are the typical and irritating early abortion/suicide attempts and the unanswered cries of step-father molestation and abuse and her real father's suicide that sound familiar enough to bore even the grocery line crowd. And the actual crime, the two tots drowning, is depressingly unspectacular as well. Though Peyser does give it her best shot:

"How long did Michael and Alex live in that car, terrified, screaming, gasping for air? The precise number of heartbeats may be impossible to gauge. But experts speculate it could have been as little as five to ten minutes.

"Or as long as forty.

(....)

"Think about it. Look at a clock, and try holding your breath for five minutes. You can't do it. Now, imagine someone is holding your face in a tub of water for the same amount of time. Panic would engulf your entire being within seconds!

COME DOWN AND THAT WILL BE IT FOR YOUR SICK LITTLE WORLD. SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE IS GONNA FUCK YOU UP BOY. SOMEONE IS GONNA BEAT YOU TILL YOU CANT WALK. ITS EASY TO FUCK WITH CHILDREN BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA WHEN A MAN GETS A HOLD ON YOU, PUSSY BOY! MOST WOMEN COULD KICK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU. WOULDN'T THAT BE A HOOT. SO LONG FOR NOW SCUMBAG SEE YOU ON THE NEWS.

FUCK YOU,

YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE

P.S. BETTER START BREAKING YOUR ASSHOLE IN NOW, I HEAR THOSE NIGGER DICKS ARE PRETTY BIG! DIE PIG.

"I'm writing a big, long article for HUSTLER on the hierarchy of prostitutes. A friend suggested you might be a good interviewee. I used to know a ton of prostitutes & even was one, but now that I've reached the ripe old age of 25, I find I can't find any. So if you have any good stories, I'd appreciate talking to you for a short time. Please feel free to call collect anytime."

One of the old raincoat brigade tires of the dick in his face as another decides those loosening flesh clasps just won't be enough tonight. Not without a little information.

"Suesan continued to be handcuffed to her bed each night. Theresa Knorr tended to make the manacles doubly tight on evenings when there was a full moon, according to the other children.

"Gradually, the energy and health that Suesan had battled so bravely to regain following that shooting the previous year was being drained out of her body. Theresa Knorr seemed to take a perverse delight in watching her daughter slowly disintegrate in front of her very eyes."

Simple white trash. Just one more in a long and ugly line. You don't need anymore story than you got at that first glance. That is, if there is a story beyond the low-brow machine gun tabloid lives these animals seem to suffocate under.

More details on Suesan's and Terry's and Sheila's prostitution. The ideas that coursed through the fog of their lives; they had to decide whether to endure torture and madness at home or sell their deformed minds and bodies to anonymous cocks holding money and drugs. More details on the beatings and blood-fucks the boys and girls dealt with daily as their brains twisted and fried. More details on the reality and hope and failed chances and awkward stuttering and stultifying confusion and terror. And then there's this pull toward safety and mom and the only fucking thing they know.

But you know how all that works out.

And Wensley Clarkson doesn't feel your philistine urges deserve the Jack Olsen treatment.

"Fitzgerald sat on the other end of the line, transfixed by the gruesome account of life in Sacramento. Terry disclosed incidents like being locked in a freezer, having knives thrown at them, being handcuffed to the table and beaten, being hung from the door, suffering regular kickings from her mother, being burned by cigarettes. Then she spoke about the force-feeding, the hot bowl burning the inside of her sister's legs, the molestation by her father, the time her mother stood on her sister's neck."

Tasteless. Any tangible evidence or confessions outside of court will only get in the way of the gore and armchair safety. Wasted. The backcover synopsis tells you everything you need to know on how to spend your next bathroom visit.

And it's just as well.

Theresa Knorr was the mother of five little piggies. And all the moves and holes and handcuffs and lies and psychoses matter not a jot outside of the stereotypes that suck your dick quick or grace your fantasies with tears and inflamed mood swings.

So there must be something more. You need to know what fills that space between its dented head and the hole that chews your cock and cum. And if Wensley Clarkson is just another idiot with specious facts and lazy conclusions (formed before the trial even begins, of course) you'll just have to look elsewhere. Because the images that Clarkson plays with are initially, briefly, seductive.

Suesan bleeding slowly into a dirty bathtub, sweaty and frothy and clouded. Her sisters crying in the streets with their abused hooking friends. Her brother getting his tight asshole expanded.

Gay Courter knows more about these types. She acts as a child's voice in court cases, offering the kids assistance and care in the way their lives are handled in an otherwise uncaring bureaucracy. She's not a lawyer, but rather a volunteer whose only concern is to serve the child's own interests. As a Guardian ad Litem she is able to "access records that are legally unavailable to police, lawyers, social service agencies, schools, and the families themselves." Her access is great, her commitment is built on selflessness and trust in the future and her eyes are eager to see it all.

"My mission is pure: to make something that has gone terribly wrong a little better, phone call by phone call, visit by visit, meeting by meeting, court appearance by court appearance, report by report."

And naturally, Ms. Courter seeks to impart the problems these lost and damaged and unwanted kids exist as. And since she has changed their names and all the identifying details of her little darlings she is sure to let you know: "The legal groundwork and placement situations have not been changed nor have the specific crimes against the children."

But Courter is also blind. Blinded by that dreadful barricade that is the universal understanding of motherhood. As much as I SPEAK FOR THIS CHILD is about the distress children are forced to live with (and never through) it is primarily about the failures of the foster care system due to impossible money problems. The lack of appropriate decisions being made on the children's behalf are all predicated on the crippling financial terms and needs of an overcrowded mass of kids tossed out at a moment's notice. So while Ms. Courter strives to infuse a little personal love and tenderness into the equation by her belief in such things, her efforts, in the end, prove to be worthless if not silly. It's not simple inhuman capitalist atavism that ultimately thwarts her kind gestures but the emptiness of her cause. The real damage may be more in the thinking than in the practice.

I SPEAK FOR THIS CHILD revolves around three main cases. The first is about a sixteen year-old who's been wronged and misunderstood (as Gay would have it) for most of her life. She had an early abortion, hung around with Satanists, was on the fringes of her boyfriend's murder and rejected by her parents after some speculated maltreatment of her

The cops and the FBI and the reporters and neighbors all feel so awful when they start to suspect, then realize that the mother they cared for and worried for and prayed for was actually the evil one. Maria Eftimiades misses the forest for the trees as she records the reactions as best as she can hear them through whatever real reporter is blocking her way.

The great book on Susan Smith is yet to be written. And when it is, it'll focus completely on the days that Marc Klaas (Polly's dad) flew in to be at her side in an attempt to help her through her hardest time imaginable.

The March 3rd edition of DATELINE NBC is scheduled to air an interview with Susan's mother. And, at the very least, one should be able to see those holiday videos of Michael and Alex again.

"The first time my biological father started sexually harassing me was when I was nine. He played with my tiny young breasts. I felt uncomfortable and tried to move away but his power as a father won. I knew that he knew that it was wrong because he spoke with a guilty tone in his voice. I told my mother and she just laughed, she said laughingly 'Oh he was just after those tiny breasts ...never mind'. She treated it as if it was cute."

And

"My mother sexually and physically abused me all of my childhood. I had no idea it could be reported or even that her behaviour was wrong or bad. I wanted to respond to the survey so people would be aware that rape is not the only sexual crime. I was continually bashed and sexually abused by my mother for most of my childhood. She used to "torture" my penis by squeezing it in her fingers. She also used to force her little finger into my anus when she caught me touching my penis at all.

"This was her "anger" response to having been raped continuously by her father when she was sixteen through twenty years old. She chose me, her first male child, to release her anger on, and also to totally repress my sexuality, presumably so I would not be like her father."

(VOICES OF THE SURVIVORS, Patricia Easteal, Spinifex, 1994)

The rape obsessed brain of Bikini Kill, Kathleen, has re-surfaced with a new cut and paste "punk" project that's sure to excite all those who lust after her message. Her new